

A Day Off

by The Utterly Fabulous Z

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Summary: One-shot I owe to TheBroadwayFreakWriter. Uh, not much else to say except... sick-fic, extreme fluff, lazy muses, and the Spanish Inquisition. Uhhh... R&R, I guess? Rated because reasons. Blatant Tempramarine. Don't like, don't read.

A Day Off

**Heyo! Z here with a little one-shot for TheBroadwayFreakWriter!
WARNING: SO MUCH FLUFF. IT WILL ROT YOUR TEETH.**

HERE YA GO MOO.

I do not own Doctor Who or The Librarians, nor any references I may make. I own Tempra. TBFW owns Aquamarine. Bittersweet ending.

* * *

><p>"Aqua, love? Where are you?" Tempra called out, poking her head out of the doorway. Her waist-length brown hair spilled over her shoulder like a waterfall, her curious indigo eyes filling with confusion. "Love? Are you playin hidey-go seek?" She pondered aloud, opening various doors.</p>

"_Reveal Aquamarine._" The Time Lady murmured, her eyes briefly flashing Grace-Blue. A map appeared in her mind, a ping appearing where Aqua was.

"She's in her room still? Doesn't she know that it's almost three in the afternoon?" Tempra asked herself, skipping down the corridor towards her girlfriend's room.

"Aqua, love, can I come in?" Tempra rapped her knuckles on the door twice.

No response.

"Lovebug, I'm coming in." Tempra spoke softly, slowly turning the door handle. She poked her head in the doorway, looking for her girlfriend.

All of the lights were off, the curtains drawn shut, and there was a small pile of clothes on the floor. Tempra could hear rattling breaths come from the direction of the bed. A fearful thought shot through her mind. Aqua never left her clothes on the floor. Ever.

—

'Something's wrong.'

"Lovebug, wakey wakey eggs and the Spanish Inquisition." Tempra stepped over the pile of clothes to her girlfriend, shaking her slightly. Aqua looked up blearily at her girlfriend, blinking sleepily. "No one expects the Spanish Inquisition."

"Tempra, darling, please let me be!" Aqua trailed off tiredly.

"Lovebug, it's nearly three. Why on Gallifrey are you still in bed?" Tempra tugged the covers lightly away from Aqua's face, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Baby, you're burning up! Why didn't you come get me?" She asked, alarmed by the heat Aqua's forehead was giving off.

"Didn't want you to fret, darling!" Aqua's voice trails off as she yawns quietly. Tempra froze. 'She didn't want me to worry?'

"Well, I need to air out your room so any disease doesn't linger. Up you get!" The brunette scooped up her girlfriend, despite being half a foot shorter, and carried her bridal-style back to the room labeled 'Tempra'. "So I guess that we won't be joining the Librarians today!" I suppose I'll have to call or get one of my tenants to do it." Tempra mused.

'Oi, Kai, text Baird that we can't make it today.' Tempra thought, mentally waving a hand in front of her muse's face.

'**Sure thing. You know you didn't have to do that to me. Unlike Memphis.'** Kai mumbled, pulling his phone out of his pocket. Tempra looked over in her mind; spying Memphis totally asleep on her desk, her head resting on her crossed arms, drool spilling over the edge of her think-space. Her ears and tail were twitching as she dreamed.

'Okay then!' Tempra sighed and brought herself out of her own mind. "Does anything hurt, Lovebug? Any nausea, chills, or dizziness?"

Aqua blinked. "Just chills, a slight headache, a loss of appetite, and a general ache, Tempra dearest." Aqua shivered slightly, and Tempra placed her on her bed, writing up her chest of things. She pulled out a quilt sewn from starlight and concentrated TLC; one that she'd had since she was a baby. The brunette wrapped her girlfriend up and made sure she was comfortable.

She then hopped into bed with Aqua. "Tempra darling, what on

Gallifreyâ€| are you doing?" Aqua asked, getting a tad flustered.

"Keeping you both warm and company." Tempra whispered, bringing Aqua's face into the crook of her neck.

"I'll make you ill if you do thisâ€|" Aqua mumbled, taking in Tempra's scent of apple pie and nutmeg. Tempra shrugged.

"Meh, if I do get sick, my tenants can handle things." Tempra reasoned, hugging Aqua closer to her body. "I love you, Lovebug."

"I know, darling. I love you too."

Tempra cuddled Aqua closer, pressing a soft kiss to her lips.

Aqua smiled slightly into the kiss and yawned, falling back to sleep as Tempra hummed the lullaby arrangement of 'Carry On Wayward Son' and rubbed her hair. One thought passed through Tempra's mind at that moment.

'_I'll never let you go._'

End
file.